

# Clap Hands

Tom Waits

Sane, sane, they're all insane  
Fireman's blind, the conductor is lame  
A Cincinnati jacket and a sad-luck dame  
Hanging out the window with a bottle full of rain  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands Said roar, roar, the thunder and the roar  
Son of a bitch is never coming back here no more  
The moon in the window and a bird on the pole  
We can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands Said steam, steam, a hundred bad dreams  
Going up to Harlem with a pistol in his jeans  
A fifty-dollar bill inside a palladin's hat  
And nobody's sure where Mr. Knickerbocker's at Roar, roar, the thunder and the roar  
Son of a bitch is never coming back here no more  
Moon in the window and a bird on the pole  
Always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands I said steam, steam, a hundred bad dreams  
Going up to Harlem with a pistol in his jeans  
A fifty-dollar bill inside a palladin's hat  
And nobody's sure where Mr. Knickerbocker's at Shine, shine, a Roosevelt dime  
All the way to Baltimore and running out of time  
Salvation Army seemed to wind up in the hole  
They all went to heaven in a little row boat  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Clap hands, clap hands  
Well, clap hands, well, clap hands  
Oh, clap hands, clap hands

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